

H E R O,

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AND

L E A N D E R,

A

P O E M.

From the Greek of MUSÆUS.

K

*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E Terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.*

LUCRET. Lib. ii.

L O N D O N:

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TO THE MEMORY OF
MR. WILLIAM FALCONER,
AUTHOR OF THE *SHIPWRECK, A POEM,
THE FOLLOWING VERSION OF
MUSÆUS'S HERO AND LEANDER
IS INSCRIBED.

* "*Quis Talia fando*
"*Temperet a lacrymis?*"—

VIRG.

SAY! blessed Shade, while wrapt in Ocean's womb
Thy lost Aurora yields an early Tomb,
Say! shall the Bard on Merit's awful bier
Steal, though unknown, the sympathetic Tear?
The Tear thy Notes of Pity taught to flow,
And court the solemn luxury of Woe?

Musæus calls Thee; venerable Name,
By Phœbus seated on the heights of Fame;
Calls Thee, enamor'd of the Classic Lore,
Who sing'st the lost delights of † Asia's Shore.

Oh! Thou, whose focal, thrilling heart could prove
The piercing anguish of Palemon's Love,
Could tend amidst the Wreck his parting groan,
And for his Tale of Grief forget thy own,
Oh! if the Sacred Nine can sooth the Dead,
In Fancy's Realm the paths of Sorrow tread;
From Anna's Charms an Hero's picture take,
And mourn Leander for Palemon's sake.

† Shipwreck, p. 106 to 117, 4th Edit.

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* "Quis Talis fando"

"Temperet a lacrymis?"

Virg.

SAY! blessed shade, while wrapt in Ocean's womb
Thy lost Aurora yields an early Tomb.

Say! shall the Bard on Merit's awful tier
Steal, though unknown, the sympathetic Tear?
The Tear thy Notes of Pity taught to flow,
And count the solemn luxury of Woe?

Mistaken calls Thee; venerable Name,
By Phœbus seated on the heights of Fame;
Calls Thee, enamoured of the Classic Lore,
Who sing'st the lost delights of Adæ's shore.

Oh! Thou, whose social, thrilling heart could prove
The piercing anguish of Palamon's Love,
Could tend amidst the Wreck his parting groan,
And for his Tale of Grief forget thy own,
Oh! if the sacred Nine can soothe the Dead,
In Fancy's Realm the paths of sorrow tread;
From Anna's Charnel-house Hero's picture take,
And mourn, Leander for Palamon's sake.

P R E F A C E.

HENRY STEPHENS, whom it is no undue compli-
ment to entitle the most sufficient Critic on the Grecian
Language, closes the text of Hero and Leander with the fol-
lowing observation,* ‘ I have given a place to Musæus im-
‘ mediately after Tryphiodorus, both having been Gramma-
‘ rians. Michael Sophianus formerly declar’d to me in the
‘ presence of many others, that he had seen at Genōa an old
‘ book containing a Poem, which was call’d “ The History
‘ of Hero and Leander, by Musæus the Grammarian;” he
‘ acquainted me with the name of the person, who had the
‘ work

A 2

* These are the original expressions of Stephens: ‘ Musæo post Tryphiodo-
‘ rum locum dedi, quòd ut Tryphiodorus, ita et ipse Grammaticus fuerit. Affir-
‘ mavit enim mihi olim Michaël Sophianus coràm aliis plurimis, se vidisse Genuæ
‘ librum veterem, qui inter alia poemata haberet istud ità inscriptum, Μουσίου γραμ-
‘ ματικῆς τὰ κατ’ Ἡρώ, καὶ Λεάνδρον, eumq; in cujus manibus liber erat, nominavit. Id
‘ autem mihi affirmans judicium meum confirmabat. Quòd enim antiquum Poema
‘ mihi non videri, nihilq; me τῷ ἀρχαίῳ χροῦ ποιεῖν (ut ità loquar) in eo reperire dice-
‘ rem (tantum abest, ut vetustissimo illi poetæ ascribendum putarem!) hoc ille testi-
‘ monio dubitationem omnem mihi, aliisq; pariter sustulit.’

Stephens’s Edit. Greek Poets.

‘ work in his possession. My own opinion was confirm’d by
‘ this assertion. The Poem never appear’d to me to have the
‘ marks of antiquity. I never observ’d in it any resemblance
‘ of the *Down* (if I may so speak!) of ancient Poesy; so
‘ widely I differ from those, who derive it from earliest time!
‘ This testimony has remov’d every doubt from myself, and
‘ others.’

It may be lamented, that this eminent Scholar was satisfi’d to dismiss the piece, without pointing particular instances of its Modernism.

I would not be understood with Scaliger, whose enthusiasm was singular in articles of Taste, to prefer to, or even to compare with the Works of Homer, a composition so abridg’d. Scaliger, it may be mention’d with concern, study’d the depreciation of Mæonian excellence; he on this idea presumes the Author of the present Poem to have existed long before the days of that Writer, consequently to have been the genuine Musæus; though several expressions are evidently cast in the Mold of Antiquity, the tenor of the phraseology may seem to evince it to have been of a more modern date.

Virgil

Virgil pays* a superior tribute to Musæus, whose name he celebrates in his Sixth Book of the *Æneid* without any intimation of Homer. In a writer of Virgil's candor this omission must be concluded to have arisen from the Antiquity of Musæus's Compositions; many whereof may be suppos'd to have existed in Virgil's days.† Their Excellence may be collected from the frequent mention of the Author's name with that of the ancient Orpheus, whose Muse has been recorded to have perform'd even magical operations. The design'd omission of Homer could not have proceeded from Virgil's consciousness of his large debt to his original. The idea of Plagiarism would have at once given place in the mind of his reader to the more pleasing one of Gratitude. This great Roman may not be accus'd of so worthless a passion as Envy.

Amongst the various Authors, who have flourish'd from the days of the former to those of the latter Musæus, it is remarkable,

* 'It would have been improper,' says a judicious critic, 'for Virgil to have plac'd Homer in the shades during the existence of *Æneas*, and so many years before Homer himself was born.' See Mr. Jos. Warton's Remarks on the words 'Musæum antè omnes,' Vol. III. p. 240, of his *Virgil*. Octavo Edition.

† Musæus flourish'd towards the close of the fifteenth century before Christ; Orpheus in the dawn of the thirteenth; and Homer near the conclusion of the tenth; about the days of Hesiod: so that Musæus claim'd the title of Father of Poesy in general, as Homer of the Epic in particular.

able, that not one produces the Poem of Hero and Leander, as the offspring of the more ancient Bard. Neither Servius, or any eminent Commentator of the Mantuan afford the slightest encouragement to such a declaration.

The uncommon Excellence of the performance merited peculiar notice. It cannot be suppos'd, but that these Critics had seen, and in course admir'd it. The happiness of the Imagery, and propriety of the * Characters bespeak it to have been drawn from the source of Nature; but though they must necessarily have wish'd, they were not (it may seem) convinc'd, that the notes were those,

* Which old Musæus so divinely sung.†

Such authorities may preclude the Editor's opinion, who would beg leave to suggest, that the Poem, as originally written

* A peculiar flow of sensibility distinguishes the composition. The first advances of Leander, and the ambiguous reception given by Hero, with other circumstances introduc'd in the progress of the Love-scene, are painted from life, and amply describe the genuine situation of those hearts, which

‘feel the mutual flame.’

† The ancient Musæus having existed so long before the genuine Orpheus, whose works are by the most able Critics concluded to be lost, though his name remains prefix'd to many compositions, it must be presum'd, that a remnant of Musæus, if this be so conjectur'd, must be handed down at best in a state of imperfection.

written, boasted an earlier date, than the days of Musæus the Grammarian; this Musæus, in whose hands it might have been lodg'd by the revolutions of time, probably supply'd casual omissions, and reduc'd the mangled carcase into a more regular form; either himself, or others, little fitted to the task, tinging it with those blemishes, which display too many instances of officious inequality.*

E. B. G.

* Several Gems are produc'd in the Museum Florentinum, one of which, (a) discuss'd in that work of elaborate accuracy, is concluded to be a Gem of Leander; the other four (b) are so conjectur'd, though a different opinion is submitted. It may be reasonably suppos'd, that this romantic History was of very ancient origin; and that the earlier Age of Poesy must have recommended it to some author of peculiar eminence. It cannot be presum'd to have slept unnotic'd till the more recent æra of Musæus the Grammarian.

(a) Vol. I. p. 72.

(b) Vol. I. p. 177.

many instances of officious inequality. The task, mingling it with those plainness which display too many regular forms; either himself, or others, little fitted to ply'd casual omissions, and reduc'd the mangled carcass into have been lodg'd by the revolutions of time, probably sup- the Grammarian; this Mulus, in whose hands it might written, boasted an earlier date, than the days of Mulus;

A. B. C.

* Several Osmas are recorded in the Atlantic Florissant, one of which (a) distinguished in that work of establishing the economy, is considered to be a Gem of Lander. The other four (b) are by comparison, though a different opinion is admitted. It may be reasonably supposed that this romantic history was of very ancient origin, and that the various Ages of the world have accumulated it to form a mass of technical sciences. It cannot be pretended to have been invented till

the more recent was of Münster the Germanization.

HERO and LEANDER.*

QUEEN of the plaintive voice, the Torch resound
Witness of secret Loves, the Lover sing
On midnight billows borne to rapt'rous joys,
Veil'd from Aurora's eye; the realms relate,
By Ocean sever'd, join'd by Love.---I hear

B Leander

* Geographical doubts have arisen, relatively to the situation of Sestos and Abydos. Critical doubts have likewise arisen, with respect to the probability of Leander's 'watry excursion'—The latter must be determined by the distance. However practicable the Knight, or rather Night Errantry, I am contented to admire the Fable, as a sacrifice to the prevalence of Love, which is well known to remove (at least to attempt it) obstacles of the most forbidding aspect. Those, who wish to give the same air of ease to the present, which has been more recently experienced to attend Love-expeditions, may reduce at will the limits of the Hellespont to those of the Tweed;

Magno de flumine malle,
Quàm ex hoc fonticulo tantundem fumere.—HOR. Sat. I. B. i.

The piece itself, like its subject, exhibits the art of *swimming*, no less than that of *sinking*—in Poetry.

Leander dashing through the surge, I see
 The glitt'ring Harbinger; benignant Light,
 Fix'd by Olympus' King thy silver ray
 Would grace the radiant spheres, auspicious Star,
 Guardian of nuptial vows, for thine the task
 To sooth the love-sick heart, ere hostile blasts
 Howl'd o'er the deep, a whirlwind of despair:
 Inspire the tale of woe, celestial Muse,
 The Torch expiring falls, the Lover dies.

Girt with the roaring Ocean Sestos fronts
 Abydos' neighb'ring plain; Love's Urchin-God
 Bends his unerring bow, the keenest dart
 Cull'd from his quiver pierc'd the blooming youth,
 Sweet Hero pierc'd, She Sestos' fairest grace,
 Abydos' glory He; their rival forms
 Smil'd with congenial semblance, brightest beams
 That e'er adorn'd the Hemisphere of Love.

Trav'ler, whoe'er thou art, whose steps shall roam
 These regions of distress, mark well the Tow'r,
 Where Sestian Hero's steady fondness held
 The flaming Pilot, while Leander's arm
 Brav'd the wild torrent, and the conscious Night

Drop'd

Drop'd her protective curtain; thence thine eye
 Guide to Abydos' hallow'd shore, which still
 Sighs o'er Leander's love, and mourns his fate.

Whence sprang the perilous ardor? why forsake
 Thy country's dear asylum? how in trance
 With magic of persuasion Hero's soul?

Hero fair Priestess of celestial race
 Adorn'd the mystic rites of Beauty's Queen,
 Unconscious yet of love; th'encircling Deep
 View'd her embosom'd in her native Tow'r,
 And hail'd this other Venus; Prudence taught
 Her bloom of youth, far from the virgin-train,
 To wooe the solemn mansion; the wild rout
 Of lavish merriment ne'er charm'd her steps
 To join the festive choir; the sex, she grac'd,
 Ne'er prov'd her matchless excellence, or low'd
 The leering glance of Envy; Fiend, that blasts
 Each virtue blooming in the female soul.
 Thee, Cytherea, and thy trait'rous Boy
 With many a gift she sues, thy altar crowns
 With many a rich libation, to appease

The quiver fraught with flame, ye cannot spare
A conquest so alluring--prayers are vain.

Now wak'd the Morn, and led the festal Day
Fam'd through the nations, sacred to the loves
Of Paphos' Goddess, sacred to thy shade,
Adonis, forth collected legions pour
To splendid Sestos; from th'extremest verge
Edg'd by circumfluous Neptune, burst the hosts
Of clust'ring isles; Harmonia's cloud-top'd hills,
And Cyprus' flow'ry vales their youths resign;
Ev'n thou, Cythera, view'st thy widow'd groves,
No more the seats of Beauty; on the brow
Of spicy Libanus no tunes of mirth
Rouse to the genial dance; the Phrygian swain
Feels the warm impulse, and Abydos' shore
Exhausts her social numbers; not a youth,
Lesson'd in Cupid's school, brooks absence; they,
Urg'd by report, fly panting to the scenes
Of gay festivity; not to the Gods
The solemn reverence, other altars court,
Their shrine is Beauty, their devotion, Love.

Swift to the fane's recess the Virgin bends
 Her sedulous footsteps, from her radiant eyes
 Mildly majestic steals the lambent flame,
 As gleams the silver Luna's orient ray ;
 Her cheeks, whose velvet slope Hygeia streaks
 With pure vermilion, twin-born roses blush,
 Just op'ning to the dawn ; her polish'd limbs,
 Smooth as the vernal meads, profusely shed
 Fair beauty's softest colors ; through its folds
 Her variegated vest expands the charms
 Of purple deck'd with ivory ; o'er her mien,
 Perfection's fine assemblage, Graces sport
 Familiar ; say, ye Bards of antient fame,
 Why limit thus the Sisters ? Hero darts
 From either orb, in every smile of love,
 Myriads of graces ; hail, whom Beauty's Queen,
 The first of beauties for her priestess chose !

O'er all, in meek pre-eminence, she moves
 Goddess herself of Love, th'incircling youth
 Gaze admiration, through each sev'rish pulse
 The soft infection thrills, her every step
 Their eyes, their souls pursue ; they dare to wish
 Possession---Mid the crowd some dying swain

Breathes

Breathes the fond transports of his breast---' I oft,

- ' Oft have survey'd in Lacedæmon's round
- ' The fairest maids of Sparta, (hers the claim
- ' Of Beauty's honor'd palm) yet ne'er beheld
- ' Such glow of charms, such innocence of mien!
- ' Thee, loveliest of the Graces, Venus mark'd
- ' To crown her sacred ministry; my eyes
- ' Tir'd, but insatiate pore---would gracious Heav'n
- ' Give Hero to my arms, Death's instant dart
- ' Might strike me to the dust; ye Pow'rs, reserve,
- ' Reserve Olympus to yourselves, but grant
- ' Fair Hero to my wishes; should your will,
- ' Queen of the Cyprian Isle, my suit deny,
- ' Be such (if such there is) as Hero mine!

Thus spake the Stripling's flame; from side to side
 Love reigns triumphant, though confin'd he longs
 To burst Concealment's chain; above the rest
 Leander's mind knows anguish---while thou view'st,
 Fond Inspiration prompts thee to reveal
 Thy passion, not despondent, Hero's charms,
 Resolv'd to win, or die; at ev'ry gaze
 Redoubled fires devour thee, till intranc'd
 In Beauty's labyrinth the soul is lost.

Lovely

Lovely the Virgin-frame, but lovelier far
 Her native innocence, whose dart is wing'd
 With force resistless, through the roving eye
 It strikes into the heart ; Leander feels
 The pow'rs combin'd of virtue, fear, and shame,
 Wrestling with passion ; shame repells the thought
 By beauty rous'd---Beauty emboldens love.

Though confidence, the foe of cold reserve,
 Mans his aspiring bosom, his flow step
 Steals to the Idol-maid, his swimming eye
 The glance oblique scarce ventures, many a nod
 With more than speech seduces ; Hero sees
 The Traytor's ambush'd arts, she sees, and smiles
 Conscious of charms celestial ; oft her vest
 The blushes' sweet suffusion clos'd, but soon
 Fondly accordant her uplifted look
 Meets her Leander ; transport fills his soul,
 While the lov'd Hero half-reluctant owns
 A corresponding flame ; the hour he seeks
 Sacred to Cyprian vows, when Phœbus' rays
 Verge to the Main declining, and thy star,
 Meek Hesper, glimmers through the veil of night.

Soon

Soon as dim twilight o'er th' horizon sheds
 The last, faint blush of day, the darkling scene
 Inspires him ; speechless he approach'd the Maid,
 And gently pressing to his heart the hand
 By Beauty's pencil shap'd, he heav'd a sigh
 Deep from his inmost soul---abash'd the Maid
 Silent her hand withdrew, as bent to chide
 Th' officious forwardness ; Leander's eye
 Hail'd the fair sign, her wild emotions hail'd,
 Omens of mutual love, frantic he seiz'd
 Her robe of virgin white, where art had showr'd
 The richest tints luxuriant, through the fane
 Ev'n to the hallow'd shrine he leads the Fair,
 Though lagging, not reluctant, not displeas'd,
 Though low'rs the frown ambiguous, and her guide
 With all of female rage she thus address'd.
 ' Say, stranger, as thou art, what frenzy prompts
 ' Thus to allure a virgin? while thou may'st,
 ' Stranger, retire ; no more my vest profane
 ' With sacrilegious hand, my parents dread,
 ' For much avails their ire, th' ennobled line
 ' Is theirs, with rich possessions, Hero rules
 ' Great Cytherea's priestess ; quit thy suit,
 ' Presumptuous, quit for ever Hero's arms.'

Thus

Thus Hero spake, as speaks the maid, who loves.
 Leander saw, through stern resentment's mask,
 A fondness ill-conceal'd, in Hero's eyes
 He saw the yielding heart, for most the maid
 Deals the dissembling threat, when most she means
 To prove affection; on her fragrant neck
 That boasts unrival'd charms, he prints the kiss
 Innum'rous, and his mind's fierce anguish vents
 In all the ecstasy of love——' My Fair,
 ' Not second ev'n to Venus, thine the grace
 ' Minerva's form might envy, thine the birth
 ' Above this nether sphere, the thund'ring Jove
 ' Boasts not a lovelier offspring; bless'd the Sire,
 ' Bless'd be the Mother, who those spotless charms
 ' Gave to the light, for ever bless'd the womb
 ' That nurs'd thee; hear, oh! hear a Lover's vows,
 ' Let not despair be mine, but Pity's smile
 ' Beam comfort on my wishes; say shall love
 ' Be stranger to thy heart, the Priestess thou
 ' Of Cytherea's altar? At the shrine
 ' Light, light the nuptial torch, the Cyprian fane
 ' Claims not a Virgin vot'ry, Queen of Love,
 ' Not such engage thee; would my Hero know
 ' Her Venus' festal rites, those orgies most

' Are grac'd by Hymen's care, if yet thou love
 ' The Goddess, thou rever'st, revere the laws,
 ' Which lure th' enchanted soul to rapture's feast.
 ' In me behold thy captive; could I boast
 ' The Husband's happier name! my Hero's charms
 ' Have link'd a chain indissoluble, such
 ' As bound the fam'd Alcides, whom the God,
 ' That grasps the golden wand, an hireling led
 ' To proud Oechalia's Maid; not Hermes guides
 ' My soul to Hero's arms, the Queen of Love
 ' Inspires my suit; thou know'st th' Arcadian tale,
 ' Know'st Atalanta's fate, the maid, who spurn'd
 ' Melanion's flame, by angry Venus doom'd
 ' Humbly to woo with unavailing sighs
 ' The youth, she hated; learn, my Hero, learn
 ' Thy Cytherea's will, nor tempt her frown.'

He ended, softly glides the subtle flame
 Through Hero's bosom, every note expands
 The seeds of fond affection, bent to earth
 Her looks declare her love; the cheek, which boasts
 More than the rose's bloom, displays the blush
 Of virgin-modesty, which oft her robe
 Wraps in its filken fold; her anxious step

Plays with subtilient motion, ev'ry sigh
 Avows her passion, Silence more than speaks
 An heart just yielding to the nuptial bliss.

Oh! Love, thou honey'd anguish, Hero's soul
 Feels thy sharp point enamor'd, thrilling fires
 Throb in each vein tumultuous, to the ground
 Her eye declining bows; Leander hangs
 Gazing her charms intranc'd, he cannot quit
 The fascinating object; the warm blush
 Melts on her cheek, as dew-drops on the rose,
 While bursts the silver note from Hero's tongue.

' Say, lovely Youth, what means the magic voice,
 ' Whose sound would soften adamant? What Pow'r
 ' Taught the commanding accent? Stranger, speak,
 ' Whence first thy course to Sestos? but in vain
 ' Thy eloquence of love; seducing Youth,
 ' Would'st thou unknown aspire to Hero's arms,
 ' To wishes, thou can'st never taste? The torch
 ' Of Hymen, if thy Hero yield her hand,
 ' Beams with no parent's favor; should thy stay
 ' Claim their protective smile, thou vainly tempt'st
 ' The secret union, Slander's busy tongue
 ' Will blaze the scene of Love to noon-tide air.

' Yet speak thy name, thy country, well thou know'st,
 ' Know'st from my traytor tongue thy Hero's race ;
 ' Fast by the roaring surge, yon rev'rend tow'r,
 ' Whose summit mates the sky, my gloomy home,
 ' For such my Parents' will ; the neighb'ring main,
 ' And fair Abydos' shore to Hero's eye
 ' Limit the scanty prospect ; far from me
 ' The friend coæval, or th' associate choir
 ' Of youths, and maids enchanted ; day or night
 ' No sound of melody, but winds and waves
 ' Jar, one eternal discord.' Hero ends,
 Nor checks the rising blush, her conscious vest
 Receives once more within its silken veil
 The streak of virgin-innocence, which blames
 The love, it most betrays ; Leander's foul,
 Midst all a lover's pangs, burns unappall'd
 To brave the mighty conflict ; subtle Pow'r,
 Whose stroke deals sharpest poison, thine the skill
 To pour the balm medicinal, thy wiles
 Heal, as they wound ; thy tutelary aid
 Inspires Leander's thought, the quick resolve
 Wakes in his lab'ring breast.—' Hero, for Thee,
 ' For Thee, thou fair Perfection, my brave arm
 ' Shall stem the madden'd deep ; from pole to pole
 ' Though flames the livid lightning, and despair

' Chills

' Chills the pale mariner, my Hero's charms
 ' Shall smoothe the billows, and each liquid hill
 ' Shall rise an altar to the lover's bliss.
 ' Yes! for my Hero, mid the shades of night
 ' I pass the troubled Hellespont, and leave
 ' For happier Sestos my Abydos' shore!
 ' Yet, fair Conductress, from the turret's brow
 ' Illum'd by earliest dawn, will Hero's hand
 ' Point the bright torch, the cynosure to steer
 ' The bark, thy Bridegroom to his port of Love?
 ' Cheer'd by that genial Star, of other lights
 ' I sail regardless, let thy baleful orb,
 ' Orion, and Boötes' half-clos'd eye
 ' Weep o'er the drear horizon; let the North
 ' Display that planetary Car, whose head
 ' Rests not on Ocean's pillow; Lamps of Heav'n,
 ' Farewell!—the Torch, my guide to Hero's arms.

' Yet, loveliest of thy sex, be thine the care
 ' To watch the sacred fire, lest the rude breath
 ' Of winds ungen'rous rob me of its light,
 ' Rob Hero of her Lover; thine to rule,
 ' Guide of my course, and guardian of my life:
 ' Know 'tis Leander sues, smile o'er his vows,
 ' Thou Idol of my soul, and make me thine!

Thus

Thus mutual faith the hallow'd union plan'd,
 And seal'd th' ecstatic myst'ries; Hero's task
 Constant the flaming minister to tend,
 Bright pledge of rites nocturnal, his the lot
 To ride the wave's broad bosom; each departs
 Reluctant, each intent on nuptial scenes
 Keeps separation's vigils, to the Tow'r
 Slow moves her ling'ring step, Leander seeks
 Abydos' native realm; amid the gloom
 Of Night's incumbent shade left the wide maze
 Of waters lure him devious, oft his eye
 Fondling salutes the Tow'r; approaching joys
 Their souls anticipate, they wish the hour,
 The darkling hour, which heals the lover's pain.

At length the Night in robe of sable hue
 O'er shadows Nature, slumbers soft she brings
 To all but Thee, Leander; thy lone step
 Roams the wide shore, list'ning the savage din
 Of hoarse resounding Ocean; all intent
 Ev'n now thou gazest on the Torch, thy guide
 To Hymeneal bliss; ev'n now thou hail'st
 This Sun of Hope, too soon to set in tears

Fair Hero mark'd the closing eye of Day,
 Forth springs the ready flame; Leander's soul
 Greets the fond omen, Love's inspiring God
 Sheds a congenial fire; aghast he hears
 The roar of madden'd billows, every vein
 Chills with pale horror, but at once arous'd
 He thus his manly breast confirms: ' Oh! Love
 ' More cruel than the Main, whose kindred waves
 ' Ne'er can thy fires control, secret they glow
 ' Unquenchable; awake, my gen'rous heart,
 ' Nor dread the waste of waters, while I swim
 ' Borne by affection to the maid I love
 ' Be present, all-collected, danger's frown
 ' Nought heeding; well thou know'st, that Beauty's Queen
 ' Claims Ocean for her fire, Ocean she rules,
 ' And rules my bosom's flame.' No more he adds,
 But from his comely limbs the vestment loos'd,
 And folds it o'er his head; the surge receives
 His welcome burden, while the faithful Torch
 Points the sure track of bliss; himself presides
 The vessel, pilot, and inspiring gale.

High from the blazing tow'r fair Hero woos
 The daring wanderer, from each rising breeze

Her

Her robe assiduous shields the guiding flame,
 Till the fond bark safe in the harbor rests
 From Love's much-labor'd voyage; to the Tow'r
 She leads him fainting from his course, and steals
 Full many a wish'd embrace; though reeking still
 With Ocean's foam, she leads him to the joys
 Of Hymen's hallow'd scene; with fragrant oil,
 Sweet as the vernal rose, his limbs she sooths,
 And wipes the tear Neptunian; on the couch
 Gently she seats, and clasps him to her breast,
 The voice of Love soft-breathing from her soul.

' Great were thy labors, Bridegroom! thou alone
 ' Would'st stem th'opposing torrent; great thy toils!
 ' Enough the briny wave, enough the roar
 ' Of angry Ocean! my Leander, lull,
 ' Lull ev'ry care, and bless thy Hero's arms.'

She ends, the note of melody awakes
 The weary'd Lover's trance; her virgin zone
 He loos'd impatient, and in mutual bliss
 They consecrate the rites of Venus' shrine.

Hail,

Hail, nuptial couch ! rest of the social choir,
 Of strains harmonious rest ! no bard attunes
 The gratulating lyre, no genial lamp
 Sheds Hymeneal lustre ; kindred Mirth
 Wakes not the dance enraptur'd, not a voice
 Tunes Iö Pæans, Mother, Father, Friend,
 All absent ! Silence, clad in Night's dun robe,
 Sits with her sister Darknesh, favor'd guests,
 Where others are unwish'd, they watch the bed,
 Themselves alone prepar'd ; protective mutes,
 Which Hymen's melancholy drama grace.

In vain, Aurora, would thy earliest ray
 Surprize the Lovers' joys, Leander wakes,
 Long ere thy orient blush with fainter smile
 Gleams o'er th' horizon ; for Abydos' shore
 Not unreluctant quits his Hero's arms,
 Infatiate still, still breathing wild desire.

Nor less thy care, Queen of the flowing Robe,
 Veils from a Parent's eye the traitrous flame,
 By day the Virgin, and by night the Bride.
 Oh Sun, to others dear, a foe to vows,
 Which lovers wish conceal'd, thy western car
 Wing to the Main, and send the welcome shades !

Thus the fond pair with mutual ardor steal
 Raptures, that never cloy ; but short thy reign,
 Indulgent Queen of Beauty ! short the hour,
 Which lights Leander o'er the conscious deep.
 Stern Winter, cloth'd with frost, in tresses hoar
 Steps palsy'd, through the main the busy storms
 Urge the vex'd whirlpools, to the centre driv'n
 They shake the throne of Neptune ; pale with fear
 The mariner prophetic to the strand
 Worne by the surge has drag'd his willing bark,
 And flies the faithless deep ; far other cares
 O'errule Leander's soul, Love boldly spurns
 Discretion's softer voice, the Tow'r displays
 Its evening-star accustom'd, light to joys,
 The lover ne'er can quit ; in vain the wave
 Dashing the face of Heav'n forbids the youth
 To trust its madden'd horrors ; cruel Torch,
 Thy beam malignant lights him to his fate.

Yet could not Hero, scar'd by Winter's frown,
 Waste a few solitary, tedious nights ?
 Oh ! call the Torch, for one short period call
 From its aërial office ! Fate severe,
 Severer Love forbid ; the flame, which erst
 Led to the shrine of rapture, points to death.

'Twas

'Twas Night, the fullen winds, winds, such as rage
 Tyrants of wintry skies, from pole to pole
 League in discordant union, and the Deep
 Rouse to fierce conflict; inauspicious hour,
 Leander nought regards thee, all his soul
 Pants for the well-known joys, once more the Main
 Bears its devoted burden; wave on wave
 Dashes, his mountains angry Neptune heaves
 Ev'n to the foot of Jove, the tempests shake
 Creation's wide domain; the surly East
 Wars with the Western blast, the ruder North
 Blows havock on the South, the mingled roar
 Of thunder bellows thro' the mad profound.

Whelm'd in the gulph, and toss'd from surge to surge,
 What pangs were thine, Leander! Many a prayer
 Wooes Cytherea's smile, and many a vow
 Implores the Lord of Ocean; Thee he calls,
 Boreas, unmindful of the Nymph belov'd,
 Unmindful of Leander; pray'rs are vain,
 Deaf ev'ry Pow'r, for Love can never boast
 A conquest o'er the Fates; unhappy Youth,
 Sport of contending elements, whose force
 Compelling veers thee diverse, scarce thy feet
 Faint, and more faint move heavily, thy arm

Drops

Drops in lethargic languor, ev'ry furge
 Swells thy embitter'd draught; the faithful Torch
 Expires amid the tempest, thy fond eye
 Just views the falling light, and sinks in death.

Full o'er the Deep impatient Hero por'd,
 Pond'ring the long delay; peace from her thoughts,
 And soft repose are banish'd, cares on cares
 Distract her lab'ring bosom; soon as Dawn
 Wakes from his throne of light, around she throws
 The gaze of anxious hope, haply to view
 Her Lover, riding o'er the Main, to view
 Leander wand'ring wayward from his course,
 Rest of his polar Star; her wilder'd look
 Roves to the shore beneath, aghast she shrieks,
 Her soul's dear part'ner breathless on the strand,
 Dash'd on the savage rocks; frantic she rends
 Her various vestment, strengthen'd by Despair
 Springs from the Tow'r precipitate, and dies
 On lov'd Leander's bosom—union sweet!
 Which Life too transient blest'd, nor Death divides.

11:7:19

The E N D.

The Readings adopted by HENRY STEPHENS in his Edition of the Greek Poets are
 adhered to in the foregoing Version. Henry Stephens, and Accuracy are
 synonymous.

NOTES on the foregoing P O E M.

ORIG.—Νηχόμενον τὲ Λεάνδρον ὁμου καὶ λύχνον αἶνω. V. 5.

HENRY STEPHENS has exhibited the word αἶνω in all its meanings, and particularly introduces the above line.—See his Thesaur. Ling. Græc. He observes, that the construction would be harsh (*dura constructio*) if turn'd otherwise than 'I hear the Sound of Leander swimming,' which would be a wretched version, particularly when we reflect that Sound cannot be applied to λύχνο the Torch; for that must necessarily be an object to the Eye. To obviate this great impropriety, I would construe αἶνω 'fando accipio'—I hear by report—I relate the received tale of Leander and the Torch. This last interpretation is illustrated by Henry Stephens from a verse in Homer Il. ω.

Καί σε γέρον τὸ πρὶν μὲν αἰκνόμεν ὄλβιον εἶναι.

If any severer Critic is dissatisfy'd with the above, let him substitute ὄραω; and the passage will be clear, and unforc'd—Indeed the spirit of the phrase will be augmented by this Prosopopeïa, which consequently enforces the history related, by bringing it immediately to the Sight.

ORIG.—Ἡρώς νυκτεγάμοιο γαμβρόλον ἀγγελιώτην. V. 7.

This verse is superfluous—the second and third words have a barbarous jingle, and a tautology of expression; and ἀγγελιώτην has too near a vicinity to ἀπαγγέλλοντα in the line preceding. The whole is a meer repetition of γάμος ἱνυχος Ἡρώς in the fourth line, and for the worse; add to this, that it breaks the force of λύχνον in the ensuing line, which seems to require an union with the sixth:

Λύχνον ἀπαγγέλλοντα διακτερίην Ἀφροδίτης,

Λύχνον ἔρωτος ἄγαλμα—

ORIG,

ORIG.—πελε ξυνέριθος. V. 11.

Perhaps the reading *πέλη συνέριθος* may be esteem'd preferable. Henry Stephens, or his printer for him, has clos'd the verse with a full stop, which should be only a comma.

'*Ἀγγελίην τιφύλαξεν* in the succeeding line has somewhat of a stiff appearance, if it is sense. May not '*Ἀγγελίη τιτίλαται*,' 'nuncia fulsit,' be substituted?

ORIG.—*Λεανδρος*, V. 20, 25; and *Λεάνδρος*, V. 28.

A Friend is displeas'd with the occasional alteration in the foregoing words, which he esteems not classical. I think, that the liberty may be justify'd from the practice of Grecian writers, who exercis'd the 'poetica licentia' to a degree that banish'd nicety. It must indeed be acknowledg'd, that Ovid uses the word, *Leander*, in one uniform quantity;

Corpus Leandri, spes mea, pendet aquis.

Hero Leandro, V. 150.

ORIG.—*διотреφεῖς αἶμα λάχῃσα*

Ἦν Κυθήρης ἱέρεια. V. 30.

A Friend, for whose knowledge of the Greek language I have great veneration, has produced an argument derogatory of the Antiquity of this Poem from the expression *αἶμα λαχῃσα*. "Homer," says he, "would have written "*διотреφεῖς αἶμα*, and omitted the subsequent verb." There is no doubt, but that it would be more elegantly so written. This objection may be obviated by throwing the word *λάχῃσα* into the next line, *λαχῃσα ἱέρεια*. Indeed *λάχῃσα* would be very awkwardly placed in the first phrase; it would want a classical meaning; add to this, that Priests and Priestesses in Ancient Greece were as usually chosen by Lot, as by any other method.—Homer *Il. ζ. V. 300.*

Τὴν μὲν Τρωὶς ἔθηκαν Ἀθηναίης ἱέρειαν.

It is observable (if it be permitted to enforce the above Pagan by a Christian usage) that the casting lots for the choice of Apostles evinces the general prevalence

lence of this venerable institution. I am oblig'd for the above quotation to Dr. Potter's Antiquities, Vol. i. p. 204. Oct. Edit. 1751, who acquaints us with the opinion of Eustathius, the famous, and in general authentic interpreter of the customs in Homer's time, that it was an institution of later ages, that the Priestesses should be Virgins—a voucher which however may be questioned from the consideration, that the ancients (as Servius tells us) us'd to exclude those, who had been twice marry'd, from the Priesthood—'Antiqui a Sacerdotiis repellabant bis nuptas'—Now if the ancients excluded those, who had been twice marry'd, and even the Daughters of such women, from this sacred office, it may be reasonably concluded, that those who were marry'd for the first time, would not be esteemed by them so eligible, as those who never had been marry'd. I speak as to the female sex; for Priests were frequently appointed, who were fathers of children, and indeed the name of Father was particularly honorable both in Greece and Rome. Minutius Felix, in his account of the profligate character, which recommended Priests and Priestesses, certainly alludes either to *local* degeneracy in Ancient Greece, or to later ages of Paganism; which deviated greatly from the original solemnity of their religion. The Romans in the days of Minutius were equally corrupted with the Greeks he mentions.

See Dr. Potter's Antiquities, Vol. i. p. 204.

ORIG.—Χρόινυ γὰρ μελέων ἐρυθαίνετο· νισσομένης δὲ. V. 61.

This verse has a suspicious aspect. In the line immediately preceding, Hero's limbs are call'd a Meadow of Roses; a poetical expression, which requir'd no illustration, and ought not to be enfeebled by this subsequent reason—'for her skin was red.' Add, that νισσομένης apply'd to λευκοχίτωνος is a spiritless epithet; not to omit, that the intrusion of the verse now criticiz'd spoils a beautiful connection between ῥόδων λείμωνα and ῥόδα λευκοχίτωνος; a connection, which takes from the awkwardness of the repetitions ῥόδα, ῥόδων, and ῥόδου, otherwise glaring within the space of so few lines.

ORIG.

ORIG.—οἱ δὲ παλαιοί

Τρεῖς Χάριτας ψεύσαντο πεφύκεναι. V. 64.

These words may be esteemed conclusive against the earlier Antiquity of the Poem. An author, who had not existed long after the venerable Musæus, would scarcely have us'd παλαιοί in this passage.

ORIG.—Αἰδῶς ὕγρὸν ἱερῆος ἀποσιάζουσα πρόσωπον. V. 173.

The three first words of this line possess that characteristic elegance of expression, which cannot be successfully adopted by the English tongue. Mr. David Whitford, whose Latin translation of this Poem was publish'd 1655, thus turns the verse,

‘Et roseum humectat prorupto flumine vultum.’

The ‘proruptum flumen’ is too strong; ὕγρὸν is in the true genius of Anacreon’s ἑλεμμα ὕγρὸν.—See the 28th Ode. Mr. Whitford seems to have been misled by ἀποσιάζουσα, stillans; which (perhaps too boldly) describes the violence of Hero’s agitation. The original expression alludes to that genial moisture, diffusing itself in blushes over the countenance, while the heart vainly struggles to conceal affection. The first version,

——— ‘The still tear

‘Marks o’er her blushing cheek its channel’d way,’
has been vary’d to the more genuine meaning.

ORIG.—Εὐνῆς τὴ κρυφίης τηλέσκοπον ἀγγελιώτην. V. 237.

The sense of this line is more significantly express’d in the two preceding; it may be set down therefore as redundant. The very close repetition of ἀγγελίην and ἀγγελιώτην, raises here a similar objection to that already offer’d against V. 7.

Indeed this tautology of description is unnatural, when the mind, as in the present instance, is anxious to be acquainted with an interesting event.

ORIG.—Δεινὸς Ἔρως, καὶ πόντος ἀμίλιχος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης

Ἔστιν ὕδωρ, τοῦ ἔρωτος ἐμὲ φλέγει· εὐδόμουχον πῦρ. V. 246.

Though I am well convinc’d, that Homer, the standard of Grecian Poesy, is a frequent dealer in puns, and other species of false wit, yet I am equally convinc’d
that

that his most sanguine admirers would wish those blemishes remov'd; and it only flows from the false delicacy of his commentators, that such bars against perfection are suffer'd to stand. If this Poem of Musæus contains verses that are classical, and sentiments that engage, it is far from an unreasonable desire, to shew the piece in its most advantageous light. The play upon the fire of Love, and the water of the Ocean in the above verses is only less inexcusable, than the trifling manner, in which they are express'd. The reduction of the two verses into one will redeem the reputation of the Poem, which otherwise greatly totters; it makes Leander serious, as he should be, at so critical a season.

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, καὶ πόντος ἀμείλιχος· ἐνδόμυχῃ πῦρ·
 Λάζειο πῦρ κραδίη.

Or better

ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ

Λαζεται πῦρ κραδίην.

Then the address turns to himself, μὴ δειδῖθι νήχουτον ὕδωρ.

ORIG.—Ατθιδός ἔ. Βορέην ἀλνήμενα κάλλιπαι νύμφης. V. 322.

This line was first turn'd in the version,

‘Thee he calls,
 ‘Boreas, whose anguish wept the ravish'd prize,
 ‘Wept Atthis, Nymph belov'd.’

A construction, which I afterwards found to be authoriz'd by the Latin translation of Mr. David Whitford.

——‘Sæpè recenset

‘Atthidos ereptæ, Borea, tibi gaudia Nymphæ.’

The opinion however of a Friend readily induc'd me to a change. Indeed an additional force, and a more characteristic elegance are convey'd in the idea, that Boreas was so much busy'd in this tempest, as to forget his favorite Atthis. I have presum'd to lengthen the original thought by the phrase

‘Unmindful of Leander,’

E

that

that the object of Love, and that of Pity might be join'd together; Pity and Love are confederate passions. Had the first version stood, it would have been necessary to substitute κάλλιπς for κάλλιπε—~~κάλλιπε~~ Βαρέν ἔ ἀμνύμενα Ἀπθίδος.

ORIG.—Πολλὴ δ' αὐτόματος χύσις ὕδατος ἔρρεε λαιμῷ. V. 327.

This unmeaning line possesses a languor well adapted to the trifling reflection it contains; it moreover spoils the elegant simplicity of the gradation which describes the increasing distress of Leander.

πόδων δὲ οἱ ὠκλασεν ὄρμη,

Καὶ σίενος ἦν αἰδουητον ἀκοιμήτων παλαμάων

Καὶ ποτον ἀχρήϊστον ἀμαιμακεται πίνεν ἄλμης

Καὶ δὴ λύχρον ἄπιστον ἀπίσβισε πιπρὸς αἵτης,

Καὶ ψύχην, καὶ ἱρωτα πολυπλήτσιο Λεάνδρον.

I would read ὄργη instead of ὄρμη at the close of the verse, which immediately precedes the above, to avoid a heavy repetition.

Πάντοθε δαγρομενοιο δυσαντιῇ κύματος ὄργη.

11:7:49

THE END.

A P P E N D I X.

Representing some more obvious Passages in OVID relating to
HERO, and LEANDER, which carry a resemblance to the fore-
going Poem.

MUSÆUS allots only one Verse to Leander's Invocation of Boreas,
which verse has been before criticiz'd. Ovid in his usual vein of
Amplification treats us with the Address itself. The lines are beautiful.

At Tu de rapidis immanifuetissime ventis,

Quid mecum certâ prælia mente geris?

In me, si nescis, Borea, non æquora, sævis.

Quid faceres, esset ni tibi notus Amor?

Tam gelidus cum sis, non te tamen, improbe, quondam

Ignibus Actæis incaluisse negas.

Gaudia rapturo si quis tibi claudere vellet

Aërios aditus, quo paterere modo?

The conduct of both the Poets merits attention. The conciseness of
Musæus is well adapted to the situation of Leander, who was swimming—
The more diffus'd stile of Ovid is equally fitted to Leander, while he
continued on the Shore.

Ἄντ' ὅς ἔων ἱρίτης, αὐτόσ' ὁλος, αὐτόματος νηῦς

Musæus, V. 255.

Idem

Idem navigium, navita, vector, ero.

Ovid. Epist. Leander Heroni, V. 148.

ὄφρα νοήσας

"Εσσομαι ἄλκας ἔρωτος, ἔχων σιθεὶν ἀστέρα λύχνον,

Καὶ μιν ὑπιδύμεν, ἢ ὑψομαι δύντα Βούτην,

Ὅθι θρασὺν Ὀρίωνα, καὶ ἄβροχον ὀλλκὸν αἰμάξης.

Musæus, V. 211, &c.

Nec loquar aut Helicen, aut, quâ Tyros utitur, Arcton:

Publica non curat fidera noster Amor.

Andromedan alius spectet, claramve Coronam,

Quæque micat gelido Parrhæsis Uræ polo.

Est aliud lumen multo mihi certius istis;

Non erit in tenebris quo duce noster amor.

11. 7. 49

Ovid. Epist. Leand. Heroni, V. 149, &c.



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Ork. Epist. Land. Heron. V. 109, 32

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